

Good Morning 568

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Home Town News

SOUTH MILTON STREET. He had hit one of the Gas Cattedown, Plymouth, got its back up the other day when, in the County Court, Judge Scobell Armstrong, described it "as an abysmally dismal street and of almost incredible ugliness."

Among those who considered the Judge's remarks "a bit of a nerve," was Mrs. Sheppard, who was born in the street, and has moved six times in her lifetime but always to another house in South Milton Street. "The street's all right," she said, "and it's healthy. I never had a doctor in my life."

One of the newest residents, Mrs. Smith, who was bombed out of Lucas Terrace, said "I don't see anything ugly about the street."

Some inhabitants were inclined to use bad language about the Judge's "verdict."

FUNERAL WALTZ.

IN his last will and testament, 88-years-old Arthur Heinrich Gebhard L'Estrange requested that at his funeral there should be no hymns—but an orchestra to play "The Blue Danube."

When Mr. L'Estrange died at his home, a lonely house near Abbotskerswell, Devon, his last wishes were carried out.

Four musicians played the waltz in Efford Cemetery Chapel, Plymouth, before the body was cremated.

The dead man had left his own score of the music indicating which portions of the popular Strauss composition he wished to be played.

HOME, JAMES.

MISS RITA BYGRAVE, of 24, Grenville Road, Plymouth, went straight from her wedding to L.S.B.A. Little, R.N., to the St. Jude's Hall, where she opened a pigeon show by releasing a number of "homers."

Her father, Mr. C. Bygrave, is a member of the St. Jude's Flying Club, which ran the show, and the novel touch was greatly appreciated.

FLAT OUT

SWINGING a big hammer on the site of the blitzed Royal Hotel, at Plymouth, a workman engaged on building a new N.A.A.F.I., gave his mates and himself a lot of trouble.

The hammer hit a pipe with a wallop, and the result was a rush of coal gas, which nearly flattened everybody on the building job.

HANGER ON

THE British have been called "the bulldog breed" because when they get their teeth into something they never let go. This characteristic of the bulldog has won for it a reputation for being the most "dogged" of dogs when it comes to a scrap.

But, in fact, naturalists tell us, the bulldog doesn't hold on because of its determination, but because it can't let go!

The conformation of its jaws is such that when they are locked over some object they cannot come apart so long as that object is being pulled away from them. The natural reaction of man or beast gripped by a bulldog is to pull. The bulldog may realise he has made a mistake, but as

long as the pressure is applied he cannot let go. Strictly speaking, therefore, the bulldog hangs on because he has no alternative!

As a matter of fact, most "animal adjectives" are wrong when you come down to brass tacks. The rat is courageous and not cowardly, but possibly "ratting" derived from the tradition that rats leave a sinking ship.

A man may be blind as a bat or blind as a mole, but, as a matter of fact, neither of these animals is blind. We talk of a man being as brave as a lion, but, in fact, there is no evidence at all that lions are brave. They hunt by cunning, and it is the cunning of the man-eater rather than his

THIS VILLAGE WILL BE THE NEW LONDON

A GAZETTEER of the British Isles has it that Holmwood, Surrey, is a village with a railway station, a post office, a church, and a telegraph office, and a population of little more than 1,000.

Within a few years of the end of the war this is what a revised gazetteer may say of Holmwood:—"Industrial town; a population of 60,000; 25 miles from London on the London-to-Brighton express arterial road; factories, theatres, and hotels; one of the ten London 'satellite towns' planned by Professor Patrick Abercrombie."

To-day's gazetteer description describes Holmwood perfectly.

Besides the village station and the church, all it fails to mention are the mansions dotted over 600 acres of commons, and owned largely by London stockbrokers and business men.

There is, too, a cluster of shops—Mr. Smith, the greengrocer, Mrs. Payne, the sweets, tobacco and paper shop; Stamfords, the provisioners; Mr. Barker, the butcher; Mr. Croft, the baker; and Mr. Baxter, the draper.

When I broke the news to the village that it had been named as a "little London" half the village wouldn't believe it.

Major Mamby, the chairman of the South Holmwood Parish Council, said:

"What! Bringing London to Holmwood! Chimneys belching black smoke! The Duke of Norfolk should have something to say about it! He owns most of the common land."

The vicar, the Rev. H. J. Nichols, said: "This is going to make a few of the parishioners groan. I welcome the idea. We need new life in Holmwood."

Mr. W. J. Buckland, last-war soldier, whose father, grandfather and great-grandfather lived in Holmwood, said: "If Holmwood is to be put on the map I'm all for it—like any other working man."

And that's not all—Holmwood is just one of ten sleepy villages and small towns on the outskirts of Greater London that may have an exciting future ahead of them.

They will be quiet little backwaters no longer—if the Victory Capital comes into being. Instead, they will be new industrial satellite towns—"Baby Capitals"—that will swallow part of 1,000,000 "decentralised" Londoners.

They are the brain-children



Holmwood, now a sleepy village of 1,000 souls, far from the smoke and roar of the City, may become a "Baby Capital" that will swallow part of 1,000,000 decentralised Londoners.

of Professor Patrick Abercrombie, commissioned in 1942 by the London Regional Planning Commission to outline a plan for a brave new London.

His recommendations are published in a 200-page book, each leaf measuring 9in. by 12in., issued by the Stationery Office to-day.

He has chosen these ten villages and towns as future "Baby Capitals" with a population of about 60,000 each:

Stevenage, Redbourn and Stapleford (Hertfordshire).
Harlow, Ongar, and Margerett (Essex).
Meopham (Kent).
Crowhurst, near Oxted; Holmwood, near Dorking (Surrey); and
White Waltham, near Maidenhead (Berkshire).

Each would have its new industries, but, linked up by express roads with the centre of the capital, would depend on London for their major amusements and important cultural activities.

The setting up of new satellite towns is only part of the plan for Greater London's future.

It forms what is described as a supplement to the City plan and the County of London plan, and Professor Abercrombie blue-prints Greater London as split up into four concentric rings.

It takes in a total area of 2,717 square miles with a radius of thirty miles from Charing Cross and a population of ten million and a quarter.

The moving of wholesale markets like Smithfield, Billingsgate and Covent Garden to points near Romford, Watford, and Kingston; and

Electrification of main line railways leading from London to points like Didcot, Princes Risborough, Aylesbury, Watford, Luton, Hitchin, Bishop's Stortford, Chelmsford and Basingstoke.

In the report, Professor Abercrombie says the broad aim of the plan is to discourage further growth of industry and population in London.

Decentralisation of 1,033,000 people would involve the decentralisation of 1,720 factories.

Sixty-five-year-old Professor Patrick Abercrombie has worked since August, 1942. Often until two and three in the morning, on his task of re-shaping London.

Monocled in society, spectacled in the office, he is Professor of Town Planning at University College of London.

He has put forward more proposals for the betterment of our land than any living Englishman.

His plan for Greater London should have been made public last February, but five days before it was ready his office was bombed.

Neither the Government nor the local authorities concerned have yet fully considered his plan.

A better, a cleaner and more beautiful London—I hope, I wonder . . . !

"Good Morning" sprang a surprise on your family, Charles, but were they glad to see us—just look!



GOOD CHEER CHORUS for A.B. Charles Grove

WHEN we called on your parents at 77, Stoughton Avenue, North Cheam, Surrey, A.B. Charles Grove, it was really as much a surprise for us as it was for them.

You see, we were not expecting to call at North Cheam, but when we got your address from Leading Seaman Ken Swann, of

Surbiton, we decided to visit your parents.

Your Mother was certainly surprised to see us, but she soon knew what we wanted when we said we were from

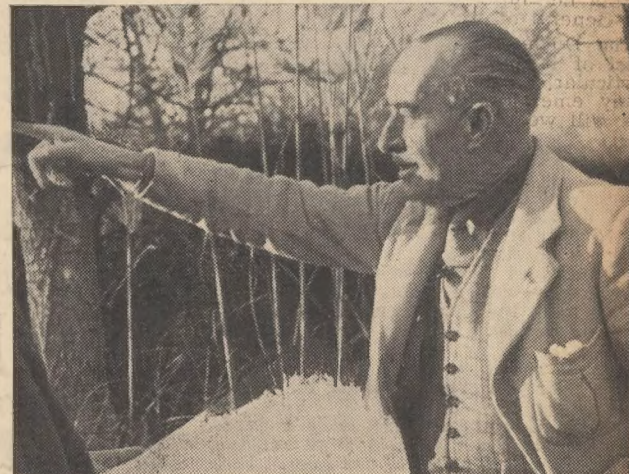
"Good Morning." She dug out some old copies of the paper you had brought home with you which she is still looking after.

It certainly was our lucky day, Charles, for your mother had with her Mrs. Skilling from No. 62. And that was not all. Your Father and Brother Roger arrived before we left, and we were able to get them in the picture with the womenfolk.

Everyone at home is still keeping well, and they are hoping you are better now.

Mrs. Skilling hears quite often from her son Ivor, who is still in Holland, and says that she is preparing a "do" for the two of you when you return home for good.

Roger is feeling rather pleased with himself just now, having won all the money at cards over the holiday. He still goes to the Wimbledon billiard hall, and hopes to have another game with you next time you're home. Until then, the family wish you all the best in 1945, Charles.



Major Mamby, chairman of the South Holmwood Parish Council, points to the rural amenities of his village.

The other major proposals include:

Ten express arterial highways converging into London's centre from all directions, each running through five ring roads;

A ring of airports around London with one large trans-ocean airport at Heathrow, near Feltham, Middlesex;

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

You can't fight on an empty belly—

Continuing A PIECE OF STEAK By JACK LONDON

IT was two miles to the Gayety, and as he walked along he remembered how in his palmy days—he had once been the heavyweight champion of New South Wales—he would have ridden in a cab to the fight, and how, most likely, some heavy backer would have paid for the cab and ridden with him. There were Tommy Burns and that Yankee nigger, Jack Johnson—they rode about in motor-cars. And he walked! And, as any man knew, a hard two miles was not the best preliminary to a fight. He was an old 'un, and the world did not wag well with old 'uns. He was good for nothing now except navy work, and his broken nose and swollen ear were against him even in that. He found himself wishing that he had learned a trade. It would have been better in the long run. But no one had told him and he knew, deep down in his heart, that he would not have listened if they had.

It had been so easy. Big money—sharp, glorious fights—periods of rest and loafing in

between—a following of eager flatterers, the slaps on the back, the shakes of the hand, the toffs glad to buy him a drink for the privilege of five minutes' talk—and the glory of it, the yelling houses, the whirlwind finish, the referee's "King wins!" and his name in the sporting columns next day.

Those had been times! But he realised now, in his slow, ruminating way, that it was the old uns he had been putting away. He was Youth, rising; and they were Age, sinking. No wonder it had been easy—they with their swollen

veins and battered knuckles and weary in the bones of them from the long battles they had already fought. He remembered the time he put out old Stowsher Bill, at Rush-Cutters Bay, in the eighteenth round, and how old Bill had cried afterward in the dressing-room like a baby.

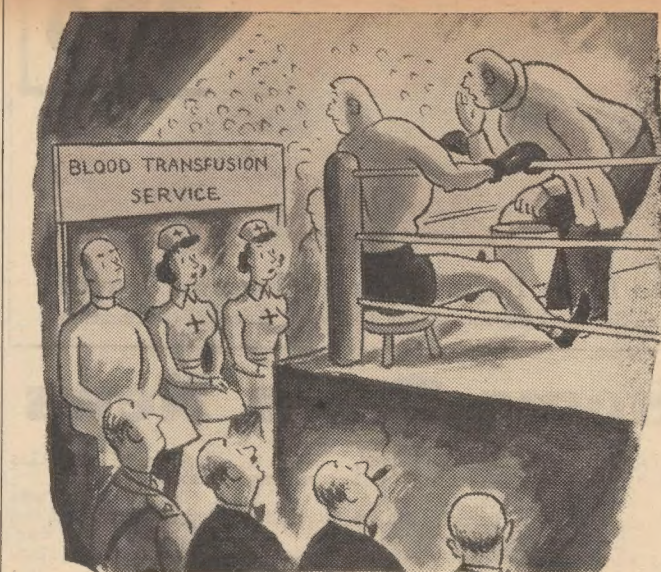
Perhaps old Bill's rent had been overdue. Perhaps he'd had at home a missus an' a couple of kiddies. And perhaps Bill, that very day of the fight, had had a hungering for a piece of steak. Bill had fought game and taken incredible punishment. He could see now, after he had gone through the mill himself, that Stowsher Bill had fought for a bigger stake, that night twenty years ago, than had young Tom King, who had fought for glory and easy money. No wonder Stowsher Bill had cried afterward in the dressing-room.

Well, a man had only so many fights in him, to begin with. It was the iron law of the game. One he would put up a fierce battle. man might have a hundred hard He had everything to win by it—fights in him, another man only money and glory and career; twenty; each, according to the and Tom King was the grizzled make of him and the quality of his old chopping-block that guarded fibre, had a definite number, and, the highway to fame and fortune. when he had fought them, he was And he had nothing to win except done. Yes, he had had more fights thirty quid, to pay to the landlord

in him than most of them, and he had had far more than his share of the hard, gruelling fights—the kind that worked the heart and lungs to bursting, that took the elastic out of the arteries and made hard knots of muscle out of Youth's sleek suppleness, that wore out nerve and stamina and made brain and bones weary from excess of effort and endurance overwrought. Yes, he had done better than all of them. There were none of his old fighting partners left. He was the last of the old guard. He had seen them all finished, and he had had a hand in finishing some of them.

They had tried him out against the old uns and one after another he had put them away—laughing when, like old Stowsher Bill, they cried in the dressing-room. And now he was an old un, and they tried out the youngsters on him. There was that bloke, Sandel. He had come over from New Zealand with a record behind him. But nobody in Australia knew anything about him, so they put him up against old Tom King.

If Sandel made a showing, he would be given better men to fight, with bigger purses to win; so old.



"Ignore it, Butch! It's just part of their war of knives!"

and the tradesmen. And as Tom King thus ruminated, there came to his stolid vision the form of Youth, glorious Youth, rising exultant and invincible, supple of muscle and silken of skin, with heart and lungs that had never been tired and torn and that laughed at limitation of effort. Yes, Youth was the Nemesis. It destroyed the old uns and recked not that, in so doing, it destroyed itself. It enlarged its arteries and smashed its knuckles, and was in turn destroyed by Youth. For Youth was ever youth-ful. It was only Age that grew old.

At Castlereagh Street he turned to the left, and three blocks along came to the Gayety. A crowd of young larrikins hanging outside the door made respectful way for him, and he heard one say to another: "That's 'im! That's Tom King!"

Inside, on the way to his dressing-room, he encountered the secretary, a keen-eyed, shrewd-faced young man, who shook his head.

"How are you feelin' Tom?" he asked.

"Fit as a fiddle," King answered, though he knew that he lied, and that if he had a quid, he would give it right there for a good piece of steak.

When he emerged from his dressing-room, his seconds behind him, and came down the aisle to the squared ring in the centre of the hall, a burst of greeting and applause went up from the waiting crowd. He acknowledged salutations right and left, though few of the faces did he know. Most of them were the faces of kiddies unborn when he was winning his first laurels in the squared ring. He leaped lightly to the raised platform and ducked through the

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A dingle is an Australian wild dog, small boat, peal of bells, swinging ornament, dell?
2. From what animal does the fur, ermine, come?
3. Which is the larger, Scotland or Portugal?
4. What sort of a fruit is a burr?

5. What is the female Harlequin called?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? East, South-west, North, West, North-east, South-east.

Answers to Quiz in No. 567

1. Kind of silk cloth.
2. Anthony Van Dyck.
3. Humming-bird; South America.
4. To be appointed a King's Counsel
5. Bronze Age.
6. Wapiti is an animal; others are birds.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THE Duchess of Gloucester has been going through her jewellery with one of the principal London experts on precious stones. She is deciding what to take with her to Australia—keeping in mind the fact that the peace celebrations are certain to take place during her husband's term of office as Governor-General of Australia.

The Duchess has a good deal of jewellery, most of it given to her by her husband. In particular, I believe, he has presented her with many emeralds. She also has a tiara which she will wear on State occasions in Australia.



THE Duchess is taking both her children, Prince William and Prince Richard, to Australia. A special nursery has been constructed for them on the third floor of Government House at Canberra, the Australian capital.

Government House—which bears the name Yarralumla—has a good many features that will please the Duke and Duchess, who are open-air people.

There is plenty of riding, plenty of tennis, plenty of sunshine. And during four months of the year you can go skiing only forty miles from Canberra.

Outside Government House is a deodar tree with a legend. It is said that an Australian black-fellow and a native are buried beneath it.

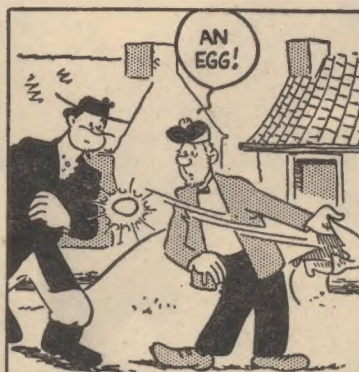


STUDYING A thick bundle of telegrams from Geneva was Squadron Leader T. Waddington, peace-time manager of the Aga Khan's racing stables.

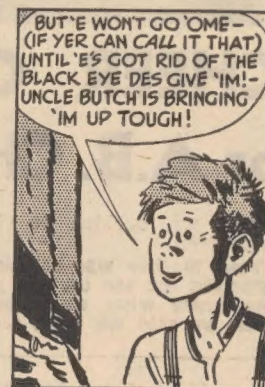
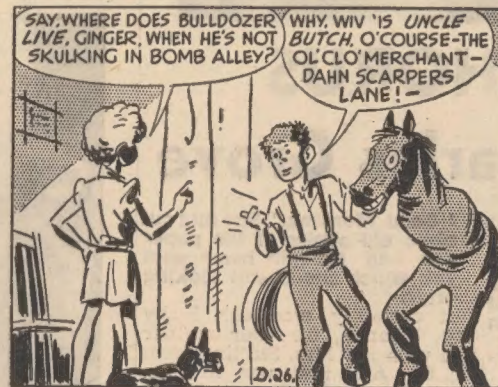
Throughout the war the Aga Khan has taken a lively interest in big racing affairs here. He likes to be kept informed of developments. Telegrams have been the only means of communication; they have cost the Aga Khan hundreds of pounds each year.

Squadron Leader Waddington has been at the Air Ministry since the beginning of the war. He was only thirty when the Aga Khan appointed him manager of his stables at £2,000 a year.

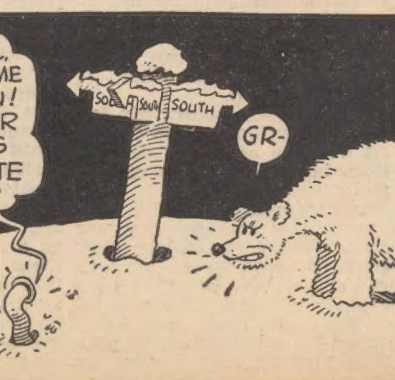
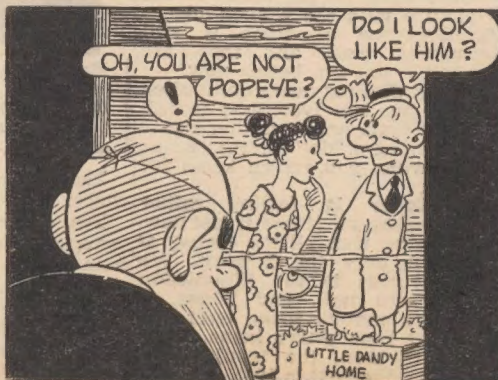
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—507

1. Insert consonants in *I***A*** and ***A****EY and get two districts in Scotland.
2. Here are two poets whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. Who are they?
3. If "bore" is the "ore" of tools, what is the ore of (a) U.S.A., (b) Caution?
4. Find the two trees hidden in: Always pop lard into the frying-pan quickly, and you will own I am right.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 506

1. LONDONDERRY, KILKENNY.
2. WALNUT—MAPLE.
3. (a) Warrant, (b) Forward.
4. Kip-per, So-le.

JANE



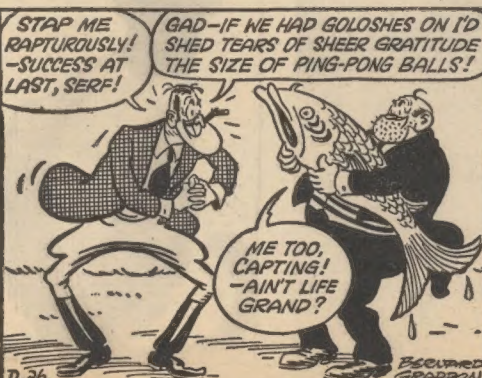
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A PIECE OF STEAK

unconsciousness. But little could he see, for Sandel, like himself, had trousers and sweater over his ring costume. His face was strongly handsome, crowned with a curly mop of yellow hair, while his thick, muscular neck hinted at bodily magnificence.

King glanced over to the press box and nodded to Morgan, of *The Sportsman*, and Corbett, of *The Referee*. Then he held out his hands while Sid Sullivan and Charley Bates, his seconds, slipped on his gloves and laced them tight, closely watched by one of Sandel's seconds, who first examined critically the tapes on King's knuckles. A second of his own was in Sandel's corner, performing a like office. Sandel's trousers were pulled off, and, as he stood up, his sweater was skinned off over his head. And Tom King, looking, saw Youth incarnate, deep-chested, was not dazzled. He had fought too heavy-thewed, with muscles that many fights and too many young-slipped and slid like live things under the white satin skin. The they were—too quick and too deft whole body was a-crawl with life, to be dangerous. Evidently and Tom King knew that it was a Sandel was going to rush things

The two men advanced to meet each other, and, as the gong sounded and the seconds clattered out of the ring with the folding stools, they shook hands and instantly took their fighting attitudes. And instantly, like a mechanism of steel and springs balanced on a hair trigger, Sandel was in and out and in again, landing a left to the eyes, a right to the ribs, ducking a counter, dancing lightly away and dancing menacingly back again.

He was swift and clever. It was a dazzling exhibition. The house yelled its approbation. But King Youth incarnate, deep-chested, was not dazzled. He had fought too heavy-thewed, with muscles that many fights and too many young-slipped and slid like live things under the white satin skin. The they were—too quick and too deft whole body was a-crawl with life, to be dangerous. Evidently and Tom King knew that it was a Sandel was going to rush things

from the start. It was to be expected. Sandel was in and out, here, there, and everywhere, light-footed and eager-hearted, a living wonder of white flesh and stinging muscle that wove itself into a dazzling fabric of attack, slipping and leaping like a flying shuttle from action to action through a thousand actions, all of them centred upon the destruction of Tom King, who stood between him and fortune. And Tom King patiently endured. He knew his business, and he knew Youth now that Youth was no longer his.

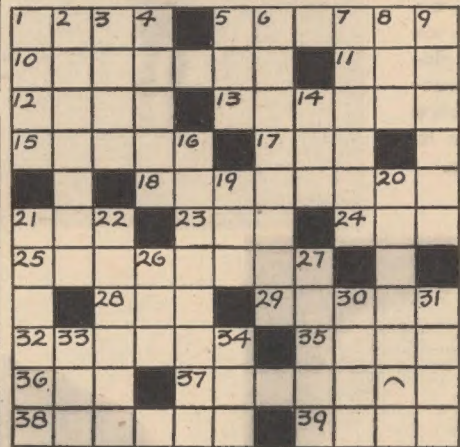
There was nothing to do till the other lost some of his steam, was his thought, and he grinned to himself as he deliberately ducked so as to receive a heavy blow on the top of his head. It was a wicked thing to do, yet eminently fair according to the

rules of the boxing game. A man was supposed to take care of his own knuckles. King could have ducked lower and let the blow whiz harmlessly past, but he remembered his own early fights and how he smashed his first knuckle on the head of the Welsh Terror. (Continued to-morrow)

Answers to Intelligence Test in No. 567.

1. Brass.
2. Refuse is a negative idea; others are positive.
3. (a) No, (b) No, (c) No.
4. 8 persons.
5. W(h)ales.
6. Preach neither is, nor requires, a rejoinder; others do.
7. The "that" which this particular "that" precedes is the "that" which the other "that" follows. Three.
8. 60 gallons; 6,720 minutes.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- 1 Half check.
- 5 Fish.
- 10 Wool extract.
- 11 Wrath.
- 12 Vases.
- 13 Flashiness.
- 15 Hill-sides.
- 17 Witty saying.
- 18 Precise.
- 21 Sleeping place.
- 23 Scot.
- 24 Guided.
- 25 Earliest.
- 28 Steeping tank.
- 29 Estates.
- 32 Stand.
- 35 Heart.
- 36 Owned.
- 37 Fraction.
- 38 Simmel.
- 39 Condiment.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Golf stick.
 - 2 Hound.
 - 3 Eastern coin.
 - 4 Struck attitude.
 - 5 Outfit.
 - 6 Hostile.
 - 7 Flower organ.
 - 8 Before.
 - 9 Depended.
 - 14 Not.
 - 16 Musical interval.
 - 19 Winnow.
 - 20 Thin shoot.
 - 21 Fair enclosures.
 - 22 Split up.
 - 26 Empty space.
 - 27 Cords.
 - 30 Girl's name.
 - 31 Denomination.
 - 33 Turncoat.
 - 34 Failure.

SCREED COB
MILE FUROR
ONE STEEPER
SCAMP TAR R
SENIOR GABY
R STATE R
LEFT WONDER
O LAP STOVE
BROKERS WIN
BUREAU USED
YEA SNIPER

PHIZ QUIZ



His name has probably been shouted by delirious punters more than any other name in the world. For years he led the field—a champion of champions. (Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 567: Max Miller.

Animal Crackers

REMEMBER "A Night at the Opera"? It's coming round again. Who are the stars? GROUCHO MARX.

Groucho started his stage career with Gus Edwards' musical school act. Following years in vaudeville, Groucho and his brothers decided to try musical comedy. His first important vehicle was "I'll Say She Is." He followed this success with two big hits, "Cocoanuts" and "Animal Crackers." These led to Hollywood in 1929.

CHICO MARX.

Chico is the oldest of five brothers. Chico early developed a marked talent as a pianist. He left the family to support himself by playing in cafes, orchestras, theatres, and even worked in music stores. He saw his brothers on the stage one evening, joined them, and has been with Groucho and Harpo ever since.

HARPO MARX.

Harpo was a page at the Savoy Hotel when his mother decided that he was too young to leave alone, and insisted that he accompanied his brothers on a vaudeville tour. Harpo was thrust on the stage unprepared one night, and, with nothing to say, brought the house down with his pantomime. He hasn't said a word on stage or screen since. Harpo enjoyed mutual success with Groucho and Chico in the Broadway successes, "Cocoanuts" and "Animal Crackers."

Good Morning

"SHROPSHIRE, SIR?"

'Certainly! Here it is, Sir'

Seems Sub-Lt. Stephen Dearnley, R.N.V.R., has been feeling homesick for a glimpse of the Shropshire scenes he knows so well. So what does he do? He pens a line to "Good Morning" to ask if we can include a picture or two to gladden the old eyes. And what do we do? Why, we gladly print this picture of Church Stretton, with the sincere hope that you like it, sir. More to come.



"Why if it isn't old Bug-Whiskers, himself! Take our advice and apply for permission to resume shaving—pronto."



"When Irish eyes are smiling, shure you can hear *this* angel sing." And by the eyes of her and the lips of her, you can tell it's Maureen O'Hara herself—the darlint.



★"Say, sailor, the caption on the back of the photograph says you're looking at the Dodgem Cars at Hampstead Heath. And that's all right with us, sailor—but just you keep your mind on your work!"



"What a great, big world it is, to be sure. And what an unconscionable time between meals it is, to be sure."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A clear case of calf love, if you ask me."

